

An Old Book

"The Christian Hymn and Tune Book" - memories sweet - its pages bring

As I turn them, old and yellowed by the flight of passing years. Good old Zion songs my mother loved to sit and softly sing

With a faith that never faltered and that banished doubts and fears.

Old and worn, its faded pages bring back days of long ago

When - the faithful few would gather in the mid-week hour of prayer;

And their voices joined together in a chorus soft and low-

"When we hear the music ringing," and "There'll be no parting there."

Through the tear-haze that has gathered I can see my father turn

To the "evening lesson, brethren;" hear him read in rev'rent tone From the Book of Books before him lessons that he loved to learn

As adown life's path he traveled, knowing he walked not alone. can see their dear old faces all alight with Christian joy

As arose the songs of Zion on the mid-week evening's air; Songs of hope that cheered them onward, songs of faith without

alloy-"On the mountain's top appearing," "Jesus saves," "Sweet hour of prayer."

"He leadeth me!" I heard my mother sing it with a faith divine

As she drew near to the valley and the shadow of the vale.

"Blessed thought"-she never fal-

failed.

Singing low and singing softly, she could see with lifted eyes

Through all clouds that gathered 'round her as the long years passed away,

Mansions that her God had builded in His house beyond the skies-"In the Christian's home in glory" where there shines eternal day.

Dear old book, your faded pages bring back days of long ago; Days of youth and days of playtime when the skies were always fair.

Bring again the sound of voices singing sweet and singing low Songs of hope and faith to cheer me on to that "Home over there."

Sweet old songs; your echoes ringing down the vista of the years Cheer me ever on and upward as

my heart with rapture thrills; And I know my brother waits me far beyond the doubts and fears, "When the mists have rolled in splendor from the summit of the hills."

## A Memory

"I will read for our evening's lesson a few verses from the sixth chapter of Second Corinthians, beginning with the first verse: 'We then, as workers together with him, beseech of God in vain."

That was not the first words spoken, of course. The scripture with the privilege of again meeting @ reading did not occur until after a in the house of the Lord. Let us @ couple of songs and g short prayer. carry home with us the lessons we @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ icle.

Of course you remember what the first song was-always: "Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour

of prayer, That calls me from a world of care; And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes

known." Had father adjusted his spectacles, cleared his throat and pitched any other tune it wouldn't have seemed like the regular mid-week prayer meeting. Just had to sing that old song to start things off right.

"Has any brother or sister a selection?"

A moment's pause, then Sister Maguire would speak up and request number 141. Remember it? I do, for father almost invariably pitched it a couple of notes too high: "Hark, ten thousand harps and

voices Sound the note of praise above. Jesus reigns and heaven rejoices;

Jesus reigns the God of love." Having pitched it too high father broke down on the "sound the note, and mother would nudge me when I giggled, having recalled the story of the man who, under similar circumstances, called out, "Start it at five thousand, brother!"

About half the time the organist didn't show up for the prayer meeting, so father had to lead the singing. And he could do it, too. He knew all those old songs by heart, and having started one he would throw his head back, close his eyes, tered-"I'm my Lord's and he anthem-honestly, do you get from whole "kit an' bilin'" of them are For she knew the arm that held mid-week prayer meeting where the prayer meeting zeal-renewing, faithher was an arm that never dozen or fifteen faithful souls there inspiring enthusiasm. gathered and sang with zeal some of aried quartet had finished one of its few for the midweek prayer meeting? numbers? I guess not!

> "Has any one a word or a prayer to offer?"

> This, of course, after two or three songs, a scripture reading and an opening prayer. Always there was a long pause, each one seeming loath to start things going. Then father would break the silence and say:

"Brother Willard, will you lead us @ in prayer?"

After that there was no hesitancy. @ Everyone present had a word of testi- @ mony or a prayer to offer. As a rule @ the brothers spoke up bravely, but o the sisters almost invariably spoke in | @ trembling tones and sat down with @ streaming eyes, asking a "share in @ your prayers."

The more backward members-by @ that I mean those who did not have @ the courage to give a testimony or @ offer a prayer-would stand up and @ read a few verses of scripture, and @ as each one finished and sat down the elderly members would say "amen." |@ And the meeting was not to be @ brought to a close until each one @ present had spoken, read, or offered @ a short prayer. When that end had @ you also that ye receive not the grace been reached father would stand up @ and say:

"Brethren, we Lave been blessed | @

have learned. Remember the regular services next Lord's day, morning and evening. Prayer meeting one week from tonight, as usual. Let us the election"-all that we asked for now stand and join in singing num- on this subject in the platform of ber 408, 'Blest be the tie that 1908, and even more. But sentibinds,' after which we will be dismissed with a few brief words of prayer by Brother Hill."

spoken, there was a season of handshaking, and voices that could scarceenough to be heard a quarter of a

mile down the road. You could always depend on meeting certain brothers and sisters at prayer meeting. If one of them was absent you knew sickness had be- judges for life, and other officials for fallen. The sisters present were always the ones who cooked the most the information upon which his apfor the church suppers, and who always remained after everybody else this publicity—and it should be behad gone and washed the scores of fore presidential nominations are dirty dishes and cleaned up the church. The brothers were always the ones most depended upon to keep the church finances straight. As a plain matter of fact, it was always a safe proposition that a census of the mid-week prayer meeting was a census of the real workers in the character and disinterestedness of church-barring, of course, the country members who could not be present as a rule, because of distance and press of farm work. I do not methods in subsidized journalism. A pretend to speak as one having little light would be helpful to some authority, but I make bold to say before the next presidential election. that those little prayer meetings of the olden times were responsible for augurate the reform. the "ginger" in religious works then. Aside from the C. W. B. M. meetings and the regular Lord's day services the prayer meeting was the only distinctly religious gathering. Nowadays we've got something doing all the the time-with the young people's moner. meetings and Y. M. C. A.'s, and Y. W. C. A.'s, and Christian Endeavorand sing with an earnestness and a ers, and this that and the otherfaith that really was inspiring. Say, a whole raft of things that really deyou up-to-date people, when you go mand an expert bookkeeper to keep to church now and hear a quartet track of for us. And I'm going to perched up in a loft singing with rid my mind of something. I'm gohighly cultivated voices an operatic ing to assert, and stick to it, that the it the thrill you used to get at the not in it with the old-time mid-week

Honestly now, wouldn't you like those old songs? Did you ever feel mighty well to step back forty years like rising right up and shouting. or so and walk into that little village "Glory Hallelujah!" after the sal-church where gathered the faithful

## Correct

"I never missed a train in my life," boasted Mr. Braggerly, as he entered the dining room.

"So I perceive," snapped Miss Buddington, as she felt for a pin.

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# "KIDDIES SIX"

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I am finishing up the last proofs, and the printer tells me the book will be ready for distribution not later than Oct. 10. If those who have so kindly ordered in advance will now come along with the dollars, I'll be under obligations. The Little Woman is keeping track of all orders and all money received—and holding on to the money, too. It's going to be a fine book. I'll freely admit that much, just to save argument. If you have not already ordered, do so right now. Dollar a copy, every copy autographed and containing a picture of The Architect, the Little Woman and kiddies Six.

Yours thankfully and hopefully, WILL M. MAUPIN.

PUBLICITY AND MORE PUBLICITY

We now have "publicity before ment has grown until we are in position to ask for still more. We should now have publicity as to expenditures of those organizations The song sung and the prayer that nominate presidents. Why not find out who puts up the money for nominations? And why not find out ly be heard in the solemnity of the who recommends appointments? meeting were ratling away loud Why should an appointing officer act in the dark? Why not compel the president to open the record for inspection so that the public can know the power behind the throne? Why should the president appoint a limited term, without disclosing pointments are based. Let us have made and before appointments are sent to the senate.

We should also have publicity as to the ownership of our big newspapers. Why should a paper's ownership be kept in the dark? The value of an opinion depends on the the one expressing it. Let us have publicity as to newspaper ownership. We have had enough of assassination A democratic congress ought to in-

And now that the publicity campaign is started it should be kept up until all elections and nominations are made public affairs and secrecy is driven from the administration of government.—Bryan's

And the first step in this good work should be the repeal of the cowardly and corrupting "secret" ballot.-Winchester (Ky.) Demo-

## A GOOD WAITER

In base ball parlance, a good waiter is as good as a good batter. By this philosophy W. J. Bryan comes in Ty Cobb's class. At Grand Island a little over a year ago many of the Nebraskan's friends bowed their heads in pain and mortification while abuse and villification was being heaped upon him but he bore the stigma with a patience and fortitude little less than celestial.

Truth will out however and a scrap over the nomination of a railway commissioner has proven far more than Bryan ever suggested and no democrat would dare to attack Bryan in a Nebraska convention today. We reached Washington the morning that Oscar Underwood was tearing the rafters out of the capitol for the attack Bryan had made upon him.

The greater portion of the congressmen sided with Underwood and we suggested to one or two fire eaters from the southland that when the extra session was over and the congressmen arrived home that they would discover that radicalism was everywhere in the ascendant at this time. The silence of those critics of Mr. Bryan has become very pronounced within the last week or two and the secret caucus which Bryan condemned will be abolished .-Creighton (Neb.) Liberal.

## SOUNDED THAT WAY

"I have mislaid my fountain pen," said the father.

"I guess mother found it," said the daughter. "What makes you think so, daugh-

ter?" "Because I heard her say she'd been doing nothing but washing her hands all day."-Metropolis Chron-